

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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THOMAS HUDSON.

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—STUDIOUS OF SONG,
AND YET AMBITIOUS NOT TO SING IN VAIN,
I WOULD NOT TRIFLE MERELY.

COWPER.

HUDDERSFIELD:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. BROOK;

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J. F. AND C. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD LONDON;

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MDCCLXXXVIII.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

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AND J. HARRIS, LONDON



PRICE ONE SHILLING

ODE TO CHARITY.

HAIL CHARITY, thou Nymph divine,
Mutual, at whose benignant Shrine,
Discordant Nations bow ;
Come, in thy kindest melting Hour,
And with thy Heart-dilating Pow'r,
O make this Bosom glow.

But " thy sweet Visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human Sight,"

Or shine beneath the Skies :
Man fondly boasts thy Charms to see,
While the dim Veil of Fantasy
Beclouds his gazing Eyes.

Does *Charity* regardless stand,
 With Aspect cold, and close her Hand,
 At helpless Mis'ry's Cry ;
 Whilst, at fictitious Tales of Woe,
 She bids her Floods of Sorrow flow,
 And heaves her throbbing Sigh ?

Does *Charity*, with tearless Eye,
 See Truth and Error mingled lie,
 In philosophic Fight ;
 Bid Disputants who can't agree
 With jarring Faiths, in Unity,
 As Infidels unite ?

With *CHARITY*, majestic Queen,
 Wisdom and Truth are ever seen,
 Celestial Sisters twain :
 She bids the tender Heart expand,
 She opens wide the lib'ral Hand,
 And sooths the Mourner's Pain.

When *Error* lifts his Standard high,
 She casts a firm indignant Eye,

And frowns with look severe ;

Yet while she scorns his lawless Reign,
 O'er the poor Slaves that hug his Chain,

She drops the pitying Tear.

Softly she breathes her gentle Sighs,
 While the bright Dewdrops in her Eyes,

Morn's pearly Tears are seen ;

But soon her sympathetic Rays

Diffolve them in Meridian Blaze,

And gild a Sky serene.

Come, pour thy Radiance o'er my Mind,

Which yet to half thy Charms is blind,

And cold to thine Embrace ;

O shine, with kindest melting Mien,

Thro' all the Clouds that intervene,

And veil thy Heav'nly Face.

To SOLITUDE.

*Written in a Winter's Evening at a Gentleman's
House, to which the Author had gone in the
Absence of the Family.*

GRAVE Solitude, since thou and I
The social Circle's Place supply,
Like Strangers met together;
Come, let us join in quiet Chat,
On various Themes of *this* or *that*,
Taxes—Balloons—or Weather.

But thou disdain'st the busy Crowd;
The rattling Town, the Tumult loud,
Thy tender Frame affright;
In Scenes remote thou lov'st to dwell,
In Sage's Cot, or Hermit's Cell,
Amid the Shades of Night.

At thy approach, swift fly away
Sweet Mirth, and her Attendants gay,

Which anxious Care destroy ;

But I, a simple wand'ring Wight,

Am forc'd to take thee in to-night,

And mourn the *absent* Joy.

Yet, gentle Nymph, on many a Friend,

Thy silent, peaceful Smiles descend,

And cheer the musing Breast :

Come, tell me how the *Poet* soars,

The *Hermit* thinks, the *Sage* explores,

And sooth my Mind to rest.

E L E G Y.

*Written at THORP-ARCH, in Spring, 1784.**(In Imitation of GRAY's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard.)*

THE Western Hills are ting'd with golden Hue,
 Th' inspiring Breeze now fans the budding Tree;
 The Fair depart the beauteous Scene to view,
 And leave the Room to Solitude and me.
 No Sound of Arms, no wild contending Throng,
 Disturb the Peace of this sequester'd Shore;
 Some sylvan Warbler pours her Ev'ning Song,
 And *Wharfe* his soothing melancholy Roar.
 Some Nymph now lays the fav'rite Needle by,
 And leaves domestic sedentary Care;
 To rear the blooming Flow'rs of varied Dye,
 And mix their Sweetness with the rural Air.

Some silent Angler, bending o'er the Flood,
 Infuses the scaly Tribe devoid of Fear;
 All Nature smiles; and ev'ry vocal Wood,
 Exulting, hails the renovating Year.

But what is *Man*, for whom these Beauties shine,
 The Landscape blooms, the feather'd Warblers sing?
 Does human Gratitude the Chorus join?
 Does Love rekindle at the Blaze of Spring?

Perhaps to this frequented Place has stray'd,
 Some Bosom glowing with the Love of Fame;
 Hands that the Stores of Nature have display'd,
 And rais'd a Patriot's or a Poet's Name.

But some, neglecting Truth's instructive Page,
 Disdain to yield to Virtue's sweet Controul;
 While vain Pursuits their captive Minds engage,
 And Folly spreads her Empire o'er the Soul.

Yet o'er these verdant Meads full many a Breast,
Has join'd, symphonious, with The grateful Theme;
Full many a Thought in purest Moral dress,
O'er Nature's Face has cast a brighter Beam.

For who, to blind Ingratitude a Prey,
Beholds the Bounties that around him flow;
Inhales the Breeze, or views the chearing Ray,
Nor feels his Heart with Admiration glow?

For thee, who musing, dost in Numbers free,
And artless Words, thy pensive Thoughts relate;
If Chance, when social Converse joins with Tea,
Some sympathetic Friend enquire thy Fate;

Haply some powder'd Belle may smile and say,

"When *Seven* was founded from yon neighb'ring

Spire,

"Oft have we heard him take his winding Way,

"To warm his Fingers at the Kitchen Fire.

"Then,

" Then, on the downy Seat of yonder Chaife,

" That rears its bright-reflecting Lamps so high,

" Oft would he loll in the meridian Blaze,

" And pore upon the Crowd that passes by.

" Now through this Court, with fix'd unmeaning Eye,

" And melancholy caution, he would move ;

" Now, gazing on the Fire, he stole a Sigh,

" Like one oppress'd with Care, or cross'd in Love.

" One Morn I heard no Footsteps on the Stairs,

" Within the Chaife no Eye his Form could see ;

" Another came ; nor yet at Morning Pray'rs,

" Nor up the Court, nor at the Fire was he.

" The next, we knew that at a neighb'ring Vill,

" In quest of Health he sipp'd the limpid Spring ;

" Yet oft his Mind would wander hither still,

" As each fair Scene return'd on Mem'ry's Wing.

“ In this calm Round his Days were pass'd of late,
“ While Nature lay in chilling Snows array'd;
“ And if you seek to know his present State,
“ Read here the Meditation which he made.”

HERE rests his Head, in Scenes of social Mirth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Herculean Vigour smil'd not on his Birth,
But pallid Languor mark'd him for her own.

Long did the Town his tender Frame defend,
Now rural Scenes the vernal Hours beguile;
How blest his Lot! each Want beholds a Friend,
Each Care, a Cousin's and a Sister's Smile.

No more let airy Dreams his Mind elate,
Nor dark Despair oppress the anxious Breast;
In “ trembling Hope ” he wishes still to wait,
And grateful say, *Whatever is, is best.*

GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE.

*Written at the End of the Year, during a lingering
Illness.*

MY Soul ! with Admiration see
Another Year approach to thee ;

Another Year is gone :

With Joy and Trembling, pause and stand,

And think on that *benignant Hand*,

That kindly leads thee on.

And am I yet in Life's Domain ?

Does yet along the languid Vein

The vital Current flow ?

Awake, my cold and feeble Frame ;

To sing Jehovah's gracious Name,

With grateful Wonder glow.

That Grace shall never be forgot,
 That here has fix'd my pleasant Lot,
 With Mercies hemm'd around ;
 That gave me Friends and Parents kind,
 A Land, where Heav'nly Light has shin'd,
 And Earthly Joys abound.

He made the Gospel's joyful Light,
 Attended with Examples bright,
 Surround my Infant Eyes ;
 Whilst rising Years enlarg'd the View,
 He made his Blessings, richly new,
 In quick Succession rise.

But ah ! reflect ; this stubborn Mind
 Remain'd to all His Goodness blind,
 Which oft withdrew the Dart :
 My Time, my Talents I mispent ;
 And tho' the sweetest Calls He sent,
 I gave Him not my Heart.

What base Ingratitude was mine !

But how amazing *Love Divine*,

That left me not to sink :

My *Lusts* were waiting to destroy,

Hell from below look'd up with Joy,

To see me on her Brink.

The *World*, in all her Charms array'd,

A rich Variety display'd,

To catch my sanguine Eyes :—

Here MERCY stoop'd to seize the Rein,

And dropt Affliction's golden Chain,

To draw me to the Skies.

O then, with thankful Ardor burn ;

To thy offended God return,

He looks with loving Eye :

O hear thy Father's Voice invite ;

His tender Mercies make him smite,

To bring a Rebel nigh.

He can transform this wretched Heart,
To all its Deadness Life impart,

To all my Weakness Pow'r:
His everlasting Arms He shows;
There, O my Soul, in Faith repose,
And wait thy Father's Hour.

If wash'd in my Redeemer's Blood,
All Things will surely work for Good,
And ev'ry Loss be Gain;
His Voice of Peace, His healing Sight,
Will make the greatest Burden light,
And sooth the sharpest Pain.

Thus, Lord, may I thy Goodness meet;
Then Days and Weeks shall all be sweet,
And sweet the changing Year:
But when this fleeting Round is o'er,
How shall I wonder and adore,
To THEE for ever near.

O guide me to that happy Scene,
Where Sin shall never intervene,
Nor Praise admit a Sigh ;
Where Tears shall all be wip'd away,
And Beams of Everlasting Day
Shall fill a cloudless Sky.

THE COMPLAINT.

WHY should I fix my longing Eyes,
On fading Charms below the Skies ;
While Angels from yon chrystal Seats above,
Point me to purer Joys on high,
Which, ever-blooming, never die,
And stoop with Heav'nly Smiles to court a Mortal's
Love ?

Ah ! whilst a Pilgrim I remain,
Flesh holds me in it's galling Chain,
And binds my lighter Spirit's soaring Wings ;

E

That

That pants to leave these Scenes below,
 This glitt'ring Pomp, this fleeting Show,
 And with unclouded Face behold Celestial Things.

Now in some happier Hour, my Mind
 Leaves sublunary Toys behind,
 Climbs the bright Road, and claims her heav'nly Birth;
 But while she wings her joyful Flight,
 Some gilded Trifle's dazzling Sight
 Glides in between, and calls her back to Earth.

Blest Source of *Harmony Divine*,
 Who bad'st the Light from Darkness shine,
 And Order spring from wild Chaotic Gloom;
 These jarring Elements controul,
 And o'er the weary wand'ring Soul
 Diffuse celestial Peace, and Eden's Virgin Bloom.

Teach me with trembling Joy to use,
 Whate'er thy Providence shall chuse,
 Whate'er on Earth thy Bounty shall impart;

And

And while Life's busy Cares demand,
 The ceaseless Labours of my Hand,
 Be Thou the Rest, the Treasure of my Heart.

And when the pleasing awful Day,
 Shall bid these mortal Pow'rs decay,
 Dissolve the Strife, and wipe away my Tears;
 Then shall the Spirit drop her Chains,
 And fly to learn angelic Strains,
 Where not a jarring Note shall sound to everlasting Years.

REFLECTIONS,

In a Summer's Evening, on a Journey.

THE western Sun with golden Ray,
 Now paints the quick declining Day,
 And, smiling with a brighter Hue,
 Bids the gay Scenes a short Adieu;
 And while he hovers in the West,
 Directs the Traveller to Rest.

Come

Come then, my Soul, and turn thine Eyes
 From blooming Scenes below the Skies,
 From antique Tower, and distant Spire;
 Awhile into thyself retire:
 Or leave thyself, and earthly Care,
 And rise to breathe Celestial Air.
 Ye kindred Spirits of the Skies,
 Assist my drooping Thoughts to rise,
 Till Earth shall set in deepest Night,
 And Heav'n possess my ravish'd Sight.

Through earthly Images alone
 Celestial Things to us are known;
 Then, musing o'er the finish'd Day,
 We'll now review the chequer'd Way,
 And in the varied Journey trace
 An Emblem of the Christian's Race.

Wak'd from the Sleep of Sin, his Eyes
 Behold the Light with strong Surprise;
 Wav'ring,

Wav'ring, he leaves the downy Bed,
 A long and unknown Path to tread,
 The Mists that veil the op'ning Day
 Soon yield to Sol's reviving Ray ;
 Thro' varying Scenes he now must go,
 O'er Mounts of Joy, thro' Vales of Woe :
 Now moving with unguarded Speed,
 Some sudden Snares his Course impede ;
 Then, bruis'd and frighted with the Fall,
 He trembles to proceed at all.

Now beauteous Nature smiles around,
 With all her verdant Glories crown'd ;
 Refreshing Streams around him flow,
 And balmy Gales their Odours blow ;
 Each sylvan Chorus seems to vie
 To tune his Soul to Melody ;
 Some kindred Traveller he meets,
 With whom he shares celestial Sweets.

O happy they, whom Heav'n has join'd,
 Not more in Fortune than in Mind;
 Who, gliding thro' this Vale below,
 Where Pains and Joys promiscuous grow,
 Cheer the dim Scene with mutual Smiles,
 While Love the wearied Way beguiles,
 Mutual their Hopes to Heav'n ascend,
 Their Steps the same, alike their End,
 When their freed Spirits shall remove,
 To brighter Climes, and purer Love.

But Clouds obscure the Pilgrim's Skies,
 And sudden Tempests round him rise.
 He cries, " Ah whither shall I fly—
 " No Friend to aid—no Shelter nigh—
 " My Sun withdraws his cheering Light,
 " And soon my Soul shall sink in Night."

Ah ! Traveller, the Fault is thine ;
 Thy Sun the same shall ever shine :

His spotless Light no Clouds can bring,
 From thine own Atmosphere they spring.
 Trust him, tho' Tempests intervene;
 Those very Storms shall wash thee clean;
 His Glories soon he will display,
 And shine thy Clouds and Tears away.

Lo! Ev'ning moves with solemn Pace,
 In Shades to close the shorten'd Race;
 And while Earth's Landscape leaves the Sight,
 Heav'n opens with it's chrystal Light.
 The tempting Flow'rs that round him grew,
 No more attract his fated View:
 " Farewell," he cries, " ye gilded Toys,
 " Delusive, momentary Joys;
 " Too long I led the vain Pursuit
 " Of your forbidden bitter Fruit;
 " In vain ye seek to draw me down,
 " I see a bright immortal Crown.

" Vain World, with all thy Charms, adieu ;

" My Rest, my Heav'n, my God I view.

The Struggle's past—the Journey's o'er—

The Spirit's chain'd to Flesh no more.

See the Angelic Convoy waits,

To lead him to the Heav'nly Gates ;

And joyful, as they soar along,

Transport him with Responsive Song :

" Come, weary Pilgrim, to thy Rest,

" Come to the Mansions of the Blest.

" Oft unperceiv'd by Mortal Sight,

" We help'd thee in the doubtful Fight ;

" Glad we obey the blest Command,

" To bring thee to the Heav'nly Land.

" Past are thy Sorrows, Fears and Pains ;

" Now an Eternal Rest remains,

" Where Time, nor Change shall e'er destroy

" Thy perfect everlasting Joy."

Written

Written in the PROSPECT of DEATH.

TIME flies with silent Speed away,
And on the Wings of ev'ry Day

We hasten to the Tomb;

The Darts of Death around me pass,

And teach that I, like fading Grass,

Must share the common Doom.

These Eyes must quickly bid adieu,

To ev'ry sublunary View,

To Scenes of chearful Day;

These Limbs must feel the Sentence just,

That bids the "Dust return to Dust,"

And fall to Worms a Prey.

O! 'tis a solemn Path to tread,

Down to the Mansions of the Dead,

And leave our Comforts here:

Beyond Expression blest are they,
 Who look for an Eternal Day,
 And see the Passage clear.

Then, O my Soul, if thou canst see,
 That Jesus has prepar'd for thee

Above the Skies a Place;
 Though Life should set before it's Noon,
 Thou canst not leave this Scene too soon,

To view Him Face to Face.

Almighty Shepherd, safely keep
 My Soul among thy purchas'd Sheep;

O! shine upon my Heart;
 Then, at thy sweet inviting Call,
 My Soul shall say with happy Paul,

" 'Tis better to depart "

Reveal in that tremendous Hour,
 Thy Look of Grace, and Arm of Power,
 Calm ev'ry rising Wave,

And,

And, whilst I view my conqu'ring King,
 I'll smile at Death's enfeebled Sting,
 And soar above the Grave.

To a LADY on her BIRTH-DAY.

MARIA, now your Race is run,
 Through gliding Years to *Twenty-One*.
 That pleasing Day salutes your Eyes,
 For which the Fair so often sighs,
 While Mistress of herself she seems,
 Amidst a thousand golden Dreams.

But you, MARIA, taught to know
 How frail is Happiness below,
 Will meditate on Moments fled,
 Irrevocable, o'er your Head:
 You'll think, with Life's short Scene in View,
 How precious *Time*, how feeble *you*,
 How quickly the revolving Sun
 Has led you on to *Twenty-One*.

Accept these warmest Wishes, *mean'd I fill'd*, And
 Not by a Flatt'rer, but a Friend, *as Death's smile I'll*
 To you may each returning Year, *And lost above*
 With an increasing Bliss appear;
 And while your earthly Joys renew,
 Still keep a better Scene in View;
 That you, when Life's weak Flame is done,
 May think in Peace on *Twenty-One*.

A Description of a LADY'S TOILET,
versified.

IF you, BELINDA, would possess
 Enchanting Beauty's richest Dress,
 Humility, that silent Grace,
 Must hold the *Mirror* to your Face;
 And meek *Benevolence* supply
 The Tear benign to wash your Eye.
 Let *Cheerfulness* your Lips adorn
 With brighter Dew than decks the Morn;
 While

While sweet *Contentment* shall bestow
 Her Smiles to *smooth* the wrinkled Brow.
 Let mildest *Truth* your *Voice* inspire
 With softer Sounds than Orpheus' Lyre;
 And calm *Attention* on your *Ear*,
 The brightest *Ornament* appear.
 Good *Humour* o'er the *Whole* shall shine,
 And ev'ry other Charm refine.
 Let *Innocence*, with purest *White*,
 Spread o'er your Cheeks the Tincture bright;
 And *Modesty*, the fair one's Friend,
 Her *Rouge* to all your Graces lend.

When bright *Aurora* paints the Skies,
 Thus from your Toilet daily rise:
 Adorn'd in such complete Array
 For all the Visits of the Day,
 Though Envy sneer, and Folly stare,
 You'll shine the *fairest of the Fair*.

C O N T E N T.

INDULgent Heav'n, appoint my peaceful Lot
 Between the sculptur'd Dome and sordid Cot;
 Then shall not Want distress, nor Pleasure cloy,
 But in the Gifts the Giver I'll enjoy,
 And whilst, before the mild propitious Gale,
 O'er Life's wide Sea my little Bark shall sail,
 I'll look for fairer Climes, and brighter Skies,
 Where Suns shall never set, nor Storms arise.

B E A U T Y.

DOES Beauty lend her fascinating Pow'r?
 Boast not, fair Maid, of such a fading Flow'r;
 Soon scorch'd by Vanity it dies away,
 Or sickens at malignant Envy's Ray.
 Then, happy Nymph, be this thy Choice, to find
 Wisdom and Virtue to adorn the Mind;
 These in the wintry Frosts of Age shall bloom,
 And twine a verdant Wreath o'er Beauty's Tomb.

CHEARFULNESS.

C H E A R F U L N E S S.

GIVE not to wanton Levity the Rein,
Nor hold your Spirits in too tight a Chain;

Let easy Chearfulness possess your Soul,
And Prudence govern with a mild Controul.
Thus o'er the Stream of Life you'll calmly glide,
In gentle Changes like the flowing Tide,
Between th' Extremes of Gloom and Folly steer,
Lively not light, and sober not severe.

S E N S I B I L I T Y.

SAY, tender Youth, do Tears of Pity flow,
And melts thy Bosom at another's Woe?

Still let it feel—Compassion is Divine—
And join to Sighs of Pity Deeds benign.
But, whilst a thousand Grievs thine Eyes can see,
Ah! think of HIM, who *mourn'd*, who *died* for thee;
Nor let those Eyes in Angels' Sight appear,
For HIM alone “*unfully'd with a Tear.*”

P A T I E N C E.

P A T I E N C E .

COME, gentle Patience, Heav'n-descended Guest,
And sooth the Storms of Passion into Rest:

'Tis thine the aching Bosom to compose,
And spread a lenient Balm for Mortal's Woes.
Support my Steps thro' all this chequer'd State,
When Nature murmurs, teach me still to wait;
To welcome Pain, and silent kiss the Rod,
That points the Way to Happiness and God.

P L E A S U R E .

PLEASURE, where blooms thy amaranthine Soil,
Which Man so fondly seeks with ceaseless Toil?
For thee he plucks, he tastes, each tempting Fruit,
Mock'd and deluded in the vain Pursuit.
See, beck'ning Angels call me to the Skies;
" Vain Man, Earth's richest Mines refuse the Prize;
" *Here* Joy resides, and Pleasure's Fount alone
" Unmingled springs from Heav'n's Eternal Throne.

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F I N I S .